

MODERN PROPHETS.

JOAN D'ARC.

THIS age of ours does not seem to be exactly fulfilling the promise of the godfathers who stood foremost at its baptism. The promise was, that the old faiths and enthusiasms were to be done entirely away, and all things were to be made new in the clear light of exact science, and by the strong hand of mechanical art. The French Encyclopedists supposed that they were exhausting human wisdom in their cart-load of quartos, and that after them no sane man would presume to assert any conviction which the five senses could not verify, or the calculus could not prove. The whole problem of the universe was solved into the simple facts of matter and motion; thought was evidently one of the secretions of the brain, fancy a gambol of the blood, and religion a device of priestcraft, in conspiracy with the morbid humors of a dyspeptic stomach. The men of letters in France, who were too sagacious to fall into such bold atheism, were not much above the atheists in their interpretation of the religious history of the race. Voltaire, the keenest of them all, saw nothing but imposture in the leaders of every popular faith; and he who scoffed at the Divine Nazarene could make nothing but a magnificent cheat of Mahomet, and nothing but a crack-brained driveller of Joan d'Arc.

No men of any intellectual mark read the history of the world in this frivolous spirit now. Even the writers more distinguished for their rhetorical brilliancy and keen insight than for any devout enthusiasm, treat religion as one of the great facts of humanity; and when they undertake to expose a superstition, they carefully separate the pernicious error in its composition from the great sentiment of faith with which it has been combined. To say nothing of historians as free as Michelet and Macaulay, we might show that even the most cold and analytical school of art has learned reverence under the guidance of Nature, after the manner of its august master, Goethe, who, in his "Confessions of a Fair Saint," exhibited the devout affections as tenderly as if he had learned them at the feet of Theresa or Zinzendorf. Does not the best thought in recent literature prepare us to accept the position, so well illustrated by all the creative ages and creative minds of the world, that the highest of all power

known by man is that which moves him rather than that which he himself moves? In distinguishing between genius and talent, that sagacious thinker, De Quincey, has defined the former as the state of mind in which the will is passive, under the influence of ideas, whilst talent is defined as the state of mind in which the will deliberately does its work.¹ No honored authority is needed, however, to prove, that he who is possessed by his subject is above him who boasts of possessing it; for any child can tell the difference at once, as soon as he compares the speaker or writer who is all on fire with his subject, with him who deliberately sets it forth as a substance quite foreign to his own soul, however much under his mastery. This fact gives us the key to many a strange problem in history, and must be kept in sight in interpreting our own times. The leading question to be asked concerning a man is not so much "what plans does he set in motion?" as "what are the powers that possess and move him?" If not by genius, certainly by a power practically more efficient, the world has been governed, and is likely still to be governed, through the influence of men who are mastered by commanding ideas, and capable of possessing other men with the enthusiasm which possesses themselves. We believe, that the most noted leaders of mankind have been moved by a power that seemed to them more like a visitation from above than an invention of their own, and that even the history of conspicuous delusions, if correctly written, would serve to illustrate emotional capacities, that were created for benign uses. The prophet, whether true or false, is he who speaks as he is moved—an *out-teller*, as well as claiming to be a *foreteller*; and the history of false prophets should lead us to interpret reverentially the faculty which they pervert, and the function which they desecrate.

We are going on somewhat quietly now, and our civilization seems to rest upon a basis of scientific fact. We build houses and ships, we plant fields and orchards, we plan roads and canals, we think that we have almost reduced social science to an exact law, and the age of passion and enthusiasm is at an end. Yet who will presume to say that there are no deeps yet to be opened in human nature, and that no new facts are to transpire to

baffle the plans of the political economist? Calculation does great things, but not the greatest. It helped Columbus in the discovery of America, but did not give him his commanding motive, nor fill the New World with its master spirits. Statesmen have wished to break down the barrier that has shut China against Christendom; but no diplomacy kindled the fire that is now consuming the Mantchou throne, and bringing religious enthusiasm into combination with the old Chinese nationality, to throw open the gates of that mysterious country to the commerce of the world. The greatest events in human history bring their own letter of introduction, and do not ask men leave to come before they appear. Great follies seem to follow something of the same law. Thirty years ago, who would have supposed it possible that a system so monstrous as Mormonism could prosper in a country whose boast is in its freedom and light, and that it would bring a State into our Union under its own sway? In the view of most persons, mesmerism of all kinds belongs to the same category, and the old school of thinkers stand aghast at the claims of judges and senators to hold communication with disembodied spirits.

Our thoughts have been drawn into this channel by reading a charming and instructive little volume, from the pen of the learned and accomplished Karl Hase, of the University of Jena. It is entitled, "*Modern Prophets*,"* and is made up of a few graphic historical papers, read at reunions of ladies and gentlemen at Jena and Weimar. The fascinating narrative in the text, with the rich learning in the accompanying notes, gives the book great value, alike for what it teaches and for what it suggests. Without being trammelled by his pages, we will take from them some hints that may throw light on certain of the illusions of our own day. It needs no great sagacity to draw from the researches of this profound church historian, proofs that our America, in this nineteenth century, is not wholly different from France, Italy, and Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Let our first illustration be from France, and from the career of that singular being who is usually portrayed more as a creature of romance than as a historical personage—Joan d'Arc. Fascinating, however, as is the garb in which poetry has arrayed the heroic maiden, in the plain

guise of sober history, she wins far more upon our pity and admiration. The story of her condemnation and of her posthumous acquittal, with all the legal documents and historical memorials connected with her career, recently published, for the first time, by Jules Quicherat, in Paris, gives Joanna a far higher moral and philosophical interest, even, than the splendid drama by which Schiller so powerfully vindicated her name from the ribaldry of Voltaire and his school of scoffers.

To find the home of the heroine who was to rescue the nationality of France from the rapacity of England, in the fifteenth century, we look to the little village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. She was born, in 1412, of respectable parents, who won a frugal livelihood, by their own labor, upon a little land with a few cattle. The child was brought up with the other children of the house and the village, and when of sufficient age, she worked in the field in summer, and in winter she sewed and spun. Her playmates often joked her upon her compassionate and devout sensibility; yet, in spite of their jokes, she would often go apart by herself in the pasture, as if to talk with God. Her passion for almsgiving was so great that she sometimes gave away her father's property, and occasionally she resigned her own bed to the poor, and slept upon the hearth. Small was her stock of learning, for she could neither read nor write, and her mother taught her the Lord's prayer, the angelus, and the creed. Nevertheless, she was a most resolute devotee, went every morning to mass, knelt reverently at the vesper bell, and every Saturday she walked up the woody hill above Domremy to the chapel of the holy virgin of Vermont, to whom she lighted a taper, and, when the season allowed, she offered a bunch of flowers. She was thirteen years old when the strange appearances came to her which shaped her destiny. She was walking in her father's garden on a fast day, when she heard a voice coming in the direction of the church, and attended by a great brightness. She was at first alarmed, but afterwards became assured that it was the voice of the archangel Michael. Announced by him, St. Catherine and St. Margaret also appeared, and often returned. These saints told her very simple things, quite in the manner of a child's fancies; she was to go from time to time to confession, and was to be a good girl.

Neue Propheten; Drei historische-politische Kirchenbilder. Von Dr. Karl Hase, Professor an der Universität Jena, &c. Leipzig. pp. ix. 267.

The little devotee clung rapturously to this stolen communion with heaven. She received her celestial guests upon her knees, with clasped hands; she kissed the ground which they touched; she wept at their departure, and crowned their statues in the church. Before, she had taken pleasure in dancing with the villagers, every spring-time, about the old beech tree—the fairy beech near the chapel of the Lady of Vermont; but, after that visitation, she forsook the old sports, and would not sanction an amusement that had grown out of a heathen superstition. No girlish love affair appears ever to have touched her heart, although a subject so much talked of by the village maidens was no stranger to her thoughts, and she kept her virgin freedom only by the most decided refusal of all overtures, maintaining that the two saints had received her vow of virginity, and had promised to lead her to Paradise if she kept the vow. Schiller has departed from the truth of history in ascribing a romantic passion to his heroine, and the Duke of Weimar pleasantly defended this fiction on the ground that those gentlemen, the poets, had a right, like the Creator, to make something out of nothing. Hase well replies that the Creator, who made all things from the beginning, understands also what poetry is, and that the real Maid of Orleans has fought a much severer battle in her own heart than the maiden of the romantic tragedy, and her fate is still more tragic.

Turn from this picture of rural innocence, and look at the fearful strifes that were rending France. The storm that swept over the nation was at last to reach the gentle lily that bloomed unseen in that quiet vale. A constant quarrel between France and England had been kept alive by the fact that the Kings of England, as Dukes of Normandy, were vassals of the French crown, and were constantly tempted to solve the problem of sovereignty by the sword. Driven from the very field of their noted victories, and crowded into a few strongholds on the sea-coast by the rising spirit of French nationality, the English were led to revive all their old hopes, at the beginning of the 15th century, by the incapacity of the king, and the discord of the royal family, of France. At last Paris was occupied by English troops; and before the judgment-seat of the feeble old king the Dauphin was arraigned for the murder of the Duke of Burgundy, and excluded from the throne, which was made over to the King of England, as the rightful heir. The end

of the Empire of the Lilies seemed near, and France to be destined to become English, without any native sovereign. Soon after, the feeble old king died, Henry V. of England was also taken away, and his son, Henry VI., an infant of nine months, was proclaimed Sovereign of France and England, under the regency of his uncle. The north of France, with Paris, the bourgeoisie, and the Burgundian nobility, saw in the dominion of the English the end of strife; but the south, the country people, and a part of the nobility, stood by the lineal heir, Charles VII., and by the old nationality. It was a dark day for France. A single fact is enough to state. The people of Paris broke into the prisons, murdered all the prisoners, to the number of three thousand, and in one winter night the wolves came into the streets of the city and devoured the carcasses.

At this time Joan d'Arc grew up, and shared all the loyalty so characteristic of her village. There was only one villager there who favored the Burgundian faction; and the Maid confessed afterwards that she would have liked to break his head, if it had pleased God. It is not clear at precisely what time she received the call to devote herself to the nation; but there can be no doubt of the remarkable character of the alleged communications which came to her. The archangel told her, she thought, in the most explicit way, that God has great compassion for the French people—that she was to be a good child, and to go to the aid of their king. Her saints also offered to open the way. Weeping, she said: "I am but a poor maiden, and know nothing of riding or of war." The saints replied that she was to go to Vaucouleurs, where she would find a captain of the royal army, who would lead her to the king. She afterwards said that she did not speak of these voices to any one in Domremy, although it was not forbidden her. Enough of what was going on in her mind, however, escaped her lips to alarm her father, and probably to make him dream about her going away with soldiers—an idea which struck the old man with such horror, that he declared to his son, that he would sooner have her drowned. By stratagem she at last succeeded in escaping to Vaucouleurs with her uncle, under the pretence of taking care of his sick wife. The uncle first, however, named her project to the king's captain there, who told him to give the jade a couple of good boxen ears, and send her home to her father. But she was not to be de-

terred; and, following her uncle to the place, in the plain red dress of a peasant girl, she formally demanded of the captain his escort to the king, since the Lord would secure to him the throne. Still repulsed, she remained with a citizen's wife, with whom she went daily to mass. Her devout life and enthusiastic confidence gradually won believers within her little circle. She said—"I must to the Dauphin, although I would much rather sit with my poor mother and spin—for the King of heaven has intrusted me with this mission, and by Mid-Lent I must be with the Dauphin, even if I creep along on my knees." Old legends of the salvation of France by a woman of Lorraine came to strengthen her conviction, and to add to the excitement, which went so far that, somewhat to her amusement, she was thought by some of the people to be a witch. Joanna, however, did not prevail upon the captain to attend her to the Dauphin; and she returned to her uncle, but found no peace. Again she came to Vaucouleurs, and again in vain. She induced her uncle to go with her on foot to the royal camp; but it occurred to her on the way, that she could not be received at court without a letter of recommendation from home, and she went back to Vaucouleurs. The faith in her divine mission so grew, that the Duke of Lorraine sought her aid in a mortal sickness, when she said that nothing was revealed to her upon that point—yet she would pray for his recovery; and she demanded his son and troops to lead her to France. Finally, two noblemen volunteered to conduct her to the king, and the captain consented. "Come what may!" he said as he took his departure. He had given her a sword, and her adherents had provided her with a horse and with the dress of a knight. She kept her calm confidence during the dangerous journey, through a hostile region; wished to stop to hear mass; and on the eleventh day, shortly before reaching the camp, she heard three masses before the image of her saints, and sent word to the king, at Chinon, of her approach. It was doubted whether his Majesty could with propriety receive an adventurer like this girl; but his despair of human help forced him to rely upon preternatural aid; and Joanna, as soon as she reached the Loire, and entered the public street, was preceded by the cry that a young shepherdess, sent by God, had come to free Orleans, and to lead the king to Rheims. After three days' consultation and examination, she was admitted to the castle of Chinon, and knelt before the king. He

had stood aside to test her prophetic gift, and when she knelt before him he pointed to one of the lords in the great hall of audience, and said—"That is the king." She replied—"By my God, noble prince, you are he, and none other." Upon this, the king asked her name. "Noble Dauphin, I am called Joanna the Maiden, and the Lord of heaven bids you, through me, to be crowned in the city of Rheims, and be a lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is the true King of France. God has pity upon you and your people, because Saint Louis and Charles the Great are upon their knees before Him, and pray for you."

Joanna stood bravely, and often answered very smartly the questions of the University, and Parliament of Poitiers, to whom the king referred her claims, and the very dignitaries who had pronounced the whole affair the merest fantasy, said after the interview that she was surely a marvellous creature of God. One eye-witness testifies that she appeared at Court as if born there, whilst another asserts that she seemed as humble as a shepherd girl. Both witnesses agree in the opinion that, respecting her mission, her speech was grand and noble; but otherwise it was that of a poor child of the people. She was eighteen years old at this time, and if we may venture to complete the traits drawn from authentic sources by the less authenticated testimony of an ancient statue, she was rather large for her sex, very strong, yet slender and delicate in shape, countenance pleasant, complexion uniform and very pale, eyes large and almond-shaped, the apple of the eye, light brown, with a greenish tinge, in expression somewhat melancholy, but unspeakably lovely, the forehead of moderate height, the nose straight and a little thin, the lips finely cut and red, the hollow between the lower lip and chin strongly marked, rich chestnut brown hair, put back over the temples, fell upon the white neck, but was cut rounding in the knightly fashion.

Such was the fair creature who went forth in mailed armor to fight the battles of France against an enemy whose hate had grown with centuries, and whose invading force was now strengthened by French factions. At Blois she unfurled her banner, and the great host there assembled were inflamed with new enthusiasm, as they saw upon its pure white folds the figure of the Saviour, two angels kneeling with lilies on each side, and underneath, the inscription, Jesus Maria. The way towards Orleans lay by the

banks of the Loire, through that garden of France, in the very bloom of spring; and preceded by chanting priests, and escorting large herds of cattle for victualing the city, the army had the appearance of a peaceful pilgrimage. What poet could create a scene more expressive of whatever was noblest and fairest in those old ages of chivalry and devotion! It was but the faith of the times incarnated in one whose sex and purity every Ave Maria had taught the people to adore; it was the spirit of the prevalent Mary-worship carried from the sanctuary into the camp, and stirring the fiercest of passions by the gentlest of affections. Need we say that this vision of light must go out in darkness, and that nothing but a perpetual miracle could keep a human creature upon the ethereal height where Joanna stood? The story of her destiny is too familiar to repeat. Soon Orleans called her its deliverer, and there, and in other cities in quick succession, the lilies of France waved loyally from towers so lately insulted by the invader's flag. In spite of all opposition, the Maid insisted upon pushing to Rheims; she stood with her banner by the altar at the coronation of the Dauphin, and was first to kneel at his feet after he received the crown. This was the meridian of her glory. This simple girl of Domremy was now the foremost personage of France, and history itself plays the artist in telling us that her father, and brother, and uncle were witnesses of her honors, contrasting thus by their presence the splendors of the Court with the simplicity of her native home.

As rapidly as her success her downfall came. Who does not know of her rash attack upon Paris, the misgivings that began to question her inspiration, and the series of disasters, ending in her capture at Compiègne, and her execution in 1431. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser arts; and never did a holier light shine out from the crackling fires of a martyr's pile, than when this lily of France was cast into the flames. The attendant priest heard her, as the fire was doing its deadly work, invoke her saints—and her last word was her Saviour's name. The cross afterwards planted upon the place of execution at Rouen was a fitting memorial of her self-sacrifice, and of the penitence of her murderers.

Never more interest was attached to the character of Joan d'Arc, as a philosophical study, than now. It is very easy to call her a half-crazy enthusiast,

and set down her story in the vulgar annals of superstition. But the candor and good sense of our age seeks a worthier solution, and no fair-minded student of history is willing to allow so interesting a chapter to pass by without connecting its lessons with some traits of our common nature. The Maid of Orleans was a human creature like ourselves, and the mind which in her was so strangely moved was essentially the same organ that we possess. That she was an impostor no sane thinker will now assert, for it would be far more remarkable for an ignorant, sensitive girl to carry out such an imposture in the camp and Court, at the altar, and even at the stake, than to have received the supernatural commission which she claimed. Nor do we explain the chief fact in her career when we ascribe her influence over France to the force of religious and martial enthusiasm, so inflamed by her pretensions or her faith. She herself is the great problem, and we cannot settle it without some due recognition of the emotional powers of our nature in connection with religious influences. Nothing can be clearer than that she thought she saw visions and heard voices which moved her to her most conspicuous acts. We do not mean to say that there were external objects corresponding with those vows and visions; but that such impressions as she insisted upon declaring were actually made upon her perceptive organs. Before her inquisitors, when severely threatened, she sometimes wavered in asserting this; but her misgiving at last wholly ceased, and in prison and at the stake she maintained the reality of the communications. Now we do not feel bound to explain all the strange experiences of the soul any more than the strange phenomena of Nature, and we are ready to allow that there are many dark nooks and corners in the human mind, in spite of the doctors and metaphysicians. We may nevertheless connect Joanna's visitations with those of a large class of minds similarly constituted, and who are still to be found. The old devotees thought little of hearing voices and of seeing visions in the open day, and a man of exact science like Swedenborg could be as familiar with the people of his day-dream land as with his acquaintance in the street or social circle, noting down the words of Plato or Luther as readily as his own table-talk. It is very clear that if, in the ordinary state of the system, external objects are needed to act upon the nerves of sight and hearing, there may be an extraordinary state of the system in which internal

convictions or emotions convey external impressions, or affect the organs of sense precisely like external objects. There is no more decided illustration of this fact than the case of the English artist, Blake, who died in 1812. In youth his powers had been severely tasked, and through life his days were given to the most engrossing labor. His ideal faculty, so little exercised by the drudgery of engraving and ordinary painting, would revel in a world of its own, and when the day's work was done, he hurried to the interview with his phantasmal guests, by the sea-shore, as eagerly as a *bon vivant* goes to his boon companions. He met the shades of Pindar, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and so distinct was the impression upon his senses, that he frequently made sketches of their features,—and in one case he wrote down a poem dictated to him by Milton—a poem not extant in Milton's lifetime, and apparently bearing the same relation to his muse that would be expected by all who are familiar with the recent issue of poetry and prose from the mighty spirits that wait upon the rapping conclave. In another instance he saw the form of the hero Wallace, and while sketching him, he was interrupted by the shade of Edward I., who disappeared too soon to admit of a complete sketch, and allowed him to go on with the Scotch hero's portrait. This artist's experience certainly illustrates a law of the human constitution, of which every day-dreamer has some slight knowledge, and it enables us to explain without miracle Joanna's voices and visions of angels and saints. The thought that so haunted her mind may have projected itself before her senses in the form of the saint nearest her affections. Bred up in one of the strongholds of ancient loyalty, her devotion may have been influenced by the familiar legend that a woman of Lorraine was to be the deliverer of France; and her nerves, so delicate from her habits of fasting, may have readily lent their service to her fancy, like the chemist's silvered plate presented to the play of the solar light. She did not claim preternatural guidance upon all subjects; but only in what concerned her main duty to France, and the salvation of her soul. If in many points her alleged visitants left her in darkness, it must be allowed that some of their predictions and promises were remarkably fulfilled. Let us bear in mind, however, the fact that their communications turned upon one commanding idea, and all the power of her contagious enthusiasm would therefore tend to turn promise into pro-

phesy by securing the result indicated. Hase sagaciously remarks that this angel—this Saint Catherine—is her own high soul unconscious of itself, like the *daemon* of Socrates; hence she was led by her counsels, and she said very naïvely of her saints—"I am always of their opinion." We are not disposed to deny the many instances of wonderful presentiment which history and biography record. With all our explanation of Joanna's mission upon the ground of known principles, she remains still a wonderful creature of God, and an aureola of mystical light still lingers about her head. We understand enough of her to claim a place for her among the daughters of men, and to discern in her, traits that are acting still upon the destinies of our race. Her career proves how much stronger the emotions are than the calculating understanding, and that still, as of old, "out of the heart are the issues of life." She was not a perfect saint without human temper and foibles. She had her little fits of pettishness, and could sometimes scold, like others of her sex, railing at the English as a set of God-dams, as she usually called them, and threatening to kill the Hussites in a bunch if they did not return to the true faith. It is precisely this natural impulsiveness—this mingling of childish naïveté with heroic inspiration—that gives her the chief hold upon our wonder and admiration.

Our idea would be fitly carried out by adding to this sketch of the Maid of Orleans some description of two characters unlike her, and unlike each other except in the point of their reputation as prophetic leaders. We mean Savonarola, whose majestic presence so long saved Florence from aristocratic oppression and democratic license, and who under his monkish garb bore to the scaffold in 1498 the seeds of religious liberty which Luther afterwards planted broadcast among the nations; and to step forward nearly a half century in time and to descend infinitely in the moral scale, we mean also John of Leyden, the tailor prophet and king of the Anabaptists of Munster, who, amid his seraglio of sixteen wives, mingled a sincere fanaticism with the most monstrous self-indulgence, and like the Apostles of Mormonism, sent out disciples to summon the world to allegiance from a court rivaling the Turk's in licentiousness. But we cannot enter into these subjects now without going beyond our limit, and we have said enough to indicate our purpose and illustrate its main idea.

When we read these and the like pas-

sages of history, we are very apt to congratulate ourselves upon living in these days of common sense, when the rule of reason has set all such hallucinations aside. Let us not be too sure of our exemption; we may have a madness of our own, even in the absorbing passion with which our shrewd schemers pursue what to them is the one thing needful, and we doubt very much if one of our keenest money kings could, when tried by the standard of true wisdom, make out a clearer proof of sanity than any of the mystical dreamers of the old days of superstition. He, certainly, who is so busy with getting a living as never to have time to live, whose imagination is haunted with visions of gold and merchandise which exist merely in his fancy, whose soul is shut out from the great realities that sages have loved, has little right to make merry at his fellow-madmen who have made the noble mistake of losing sight of things present in their dreams of the worlds unseen. If we could catch a good specimen of the Wall-street type of worldly wisdom, who lives among fancies of the financial kind, and have his claims to sanity tried before Rhadamanthus, in comparison with one of the old monks who entertained angels or exorcised devils, we should be little disposed to bet on the Wall-street side. Surely we have our own madness, and Mammon is the god who gives the afflatus to the new divination. We have not seen the end of it yet, nor can any man tell how far the hallucination of the dominant materialism may go until the reaction begins, and perhaps some new age of enthusiasm leads off the future of our race.

One thing is very certain, and with stating it, we end our prosing. He is a

happy man whose mind at the outset of his career is so possessed by a true, brave purpose that it moves him to the last, and beneath all his thoughts and plans, shapes and exalts his whole future. That is the best education which most duly recognizes this truth, and aims to train youth not merely to act truly but to be truly acted upon, by looking as well to the unconscious motive springs as to the conscious and deliberate plans of conduct. A far higher place must be given to the emotions and imagination, those powers that have an almost prophetic function in our destiny, and which can lift us to the heavens or drag us to the dust. Prepossessed by true ideals, the chamber of imagery filled with forms of beauty and wisdom, the affections pervaded by a noble love, and the whole soul trained in true relations with the divine kingdom, our rising youth may unite the fervor of those old centuries with the keen science and the mighty art of our time. Sagacious men may have Savonarola's prophet-like fire without any surrender of their reasonable hope for humanity to wild dreams of the fifth monarchy on earth, and fair women may keep all the sobriety of their judgment and the propriety of their sex without falling short of the high hearted enthusiasm and spiritual receptivity that gave such fascination and power to Joanna of Arc. If the guides of education who hold the future of Christendom in their hands, do not make more account of the ministry of the emotions and the imagination, it may be that the power of these faculties will be illustrated upon a grand scale in a much baser form, and some John of Leyden catching the passions of the age, may mingle war, lust, and avarice into a new fanaticism, of which the Mormon prophet is but the tame precursor.